



## ROBIN, THE RED BREASTED HOOD

"Robin-a-Bobbin  
He bent his bow,  
Shot at a pigeon  
And killed a crow;  
Shot at another  
And killed his brother,  
Did Robin-a-Bobbin  
Who bent his bow."\*

\*"Once again it is borne  
out that he who bends  
his bow may himself be  
bent or borne out."

*Old authority*



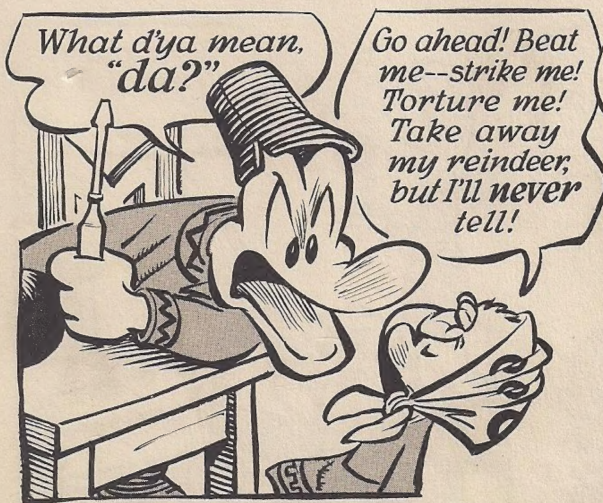
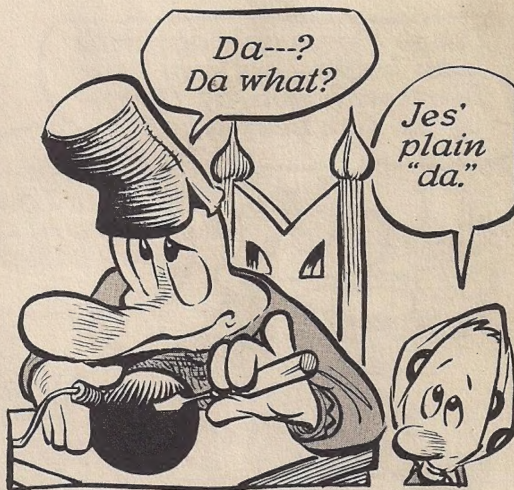




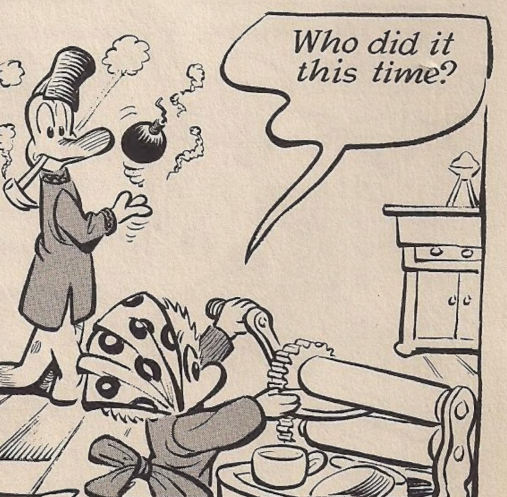
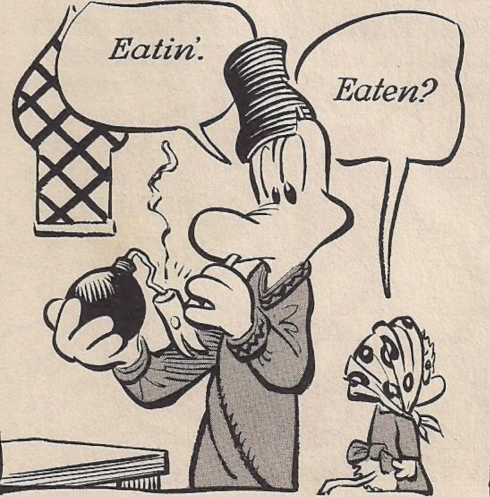
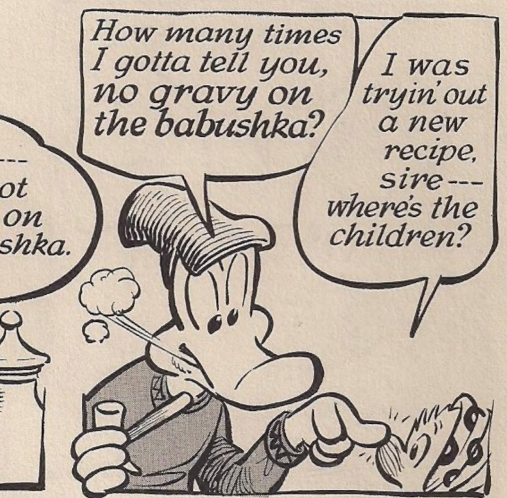
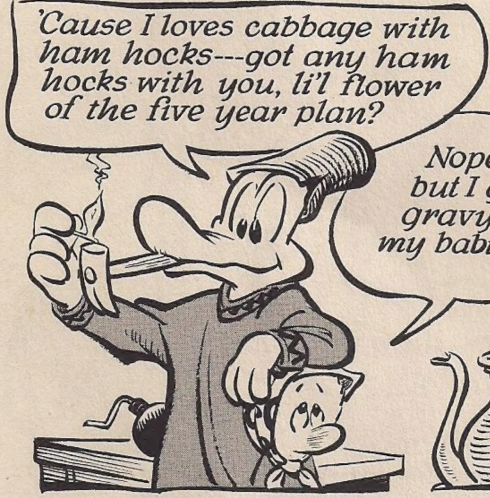
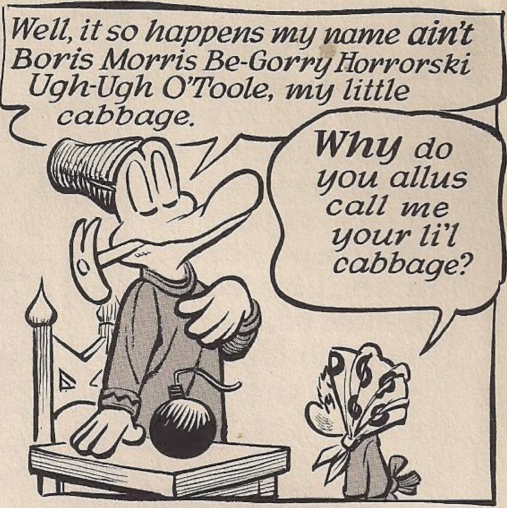
Once, perhaps two hundred years ago, take or give a couple of centuries, there lived on the steppes of Sherwood Forest, a shaggy bomb-maker named Bob-olinkovitch, alias Robin, the Red Breasted Hood.

*This time, my little cabbage, the bomb will work or my name ain't Boris Morris Be-Gorry-Horrorski Ugh-Ugh O'Toole.*

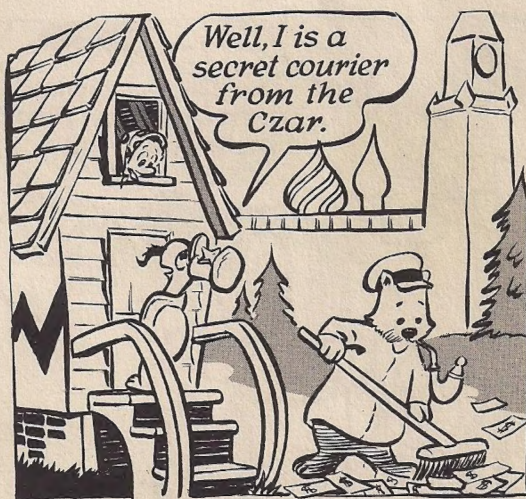
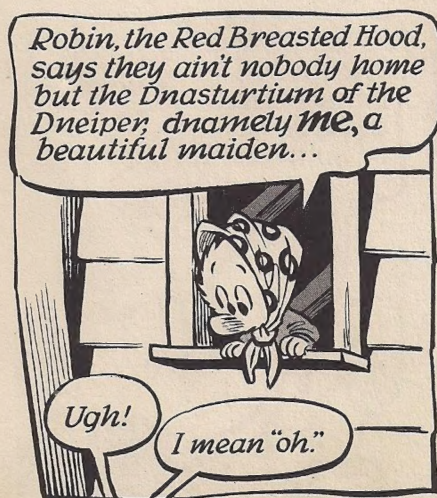
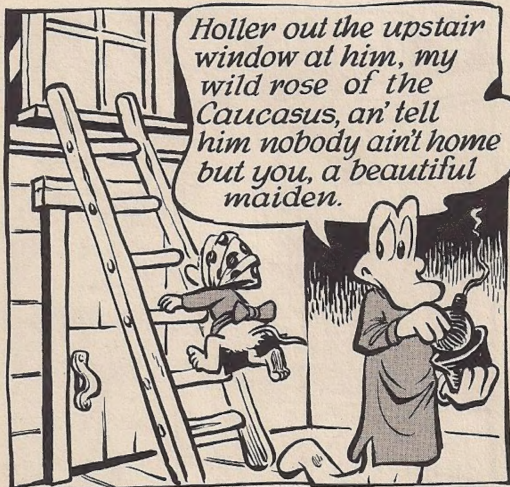
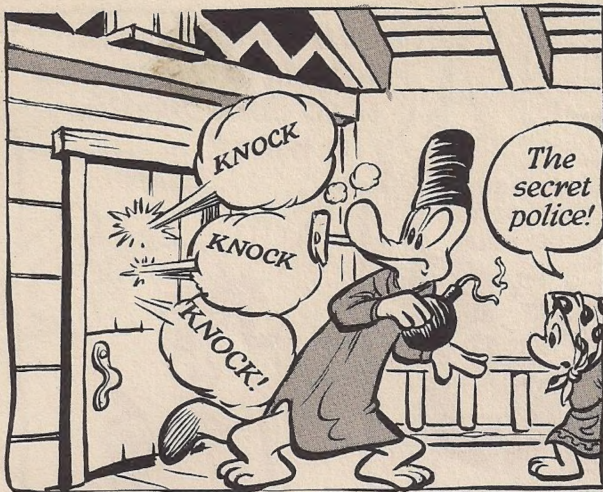
Da.



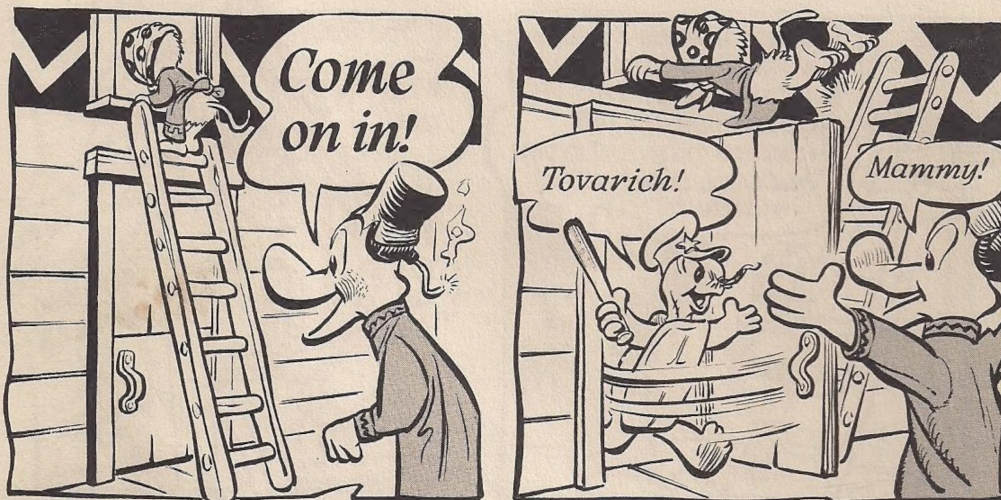




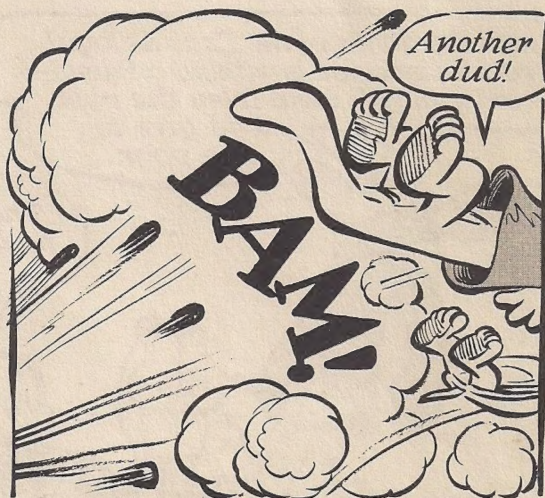
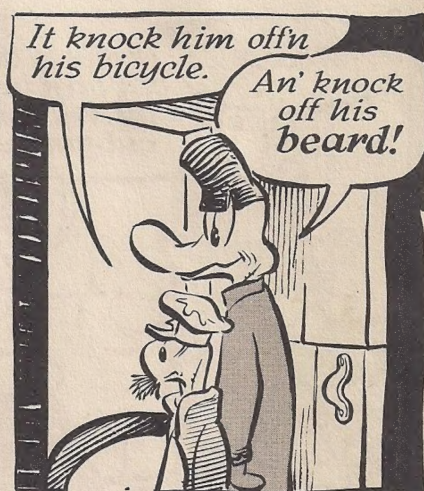
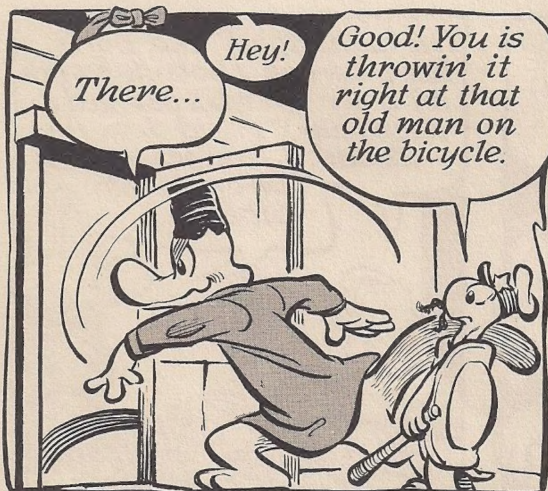
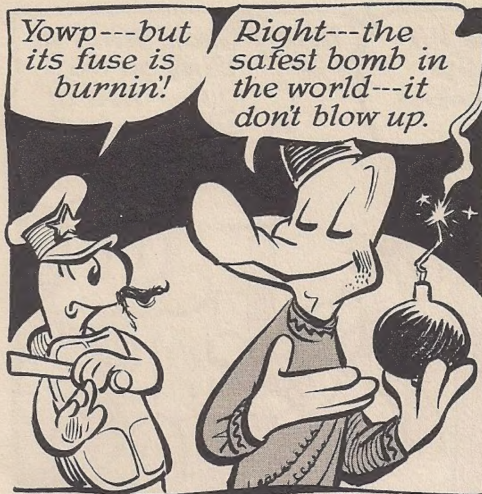




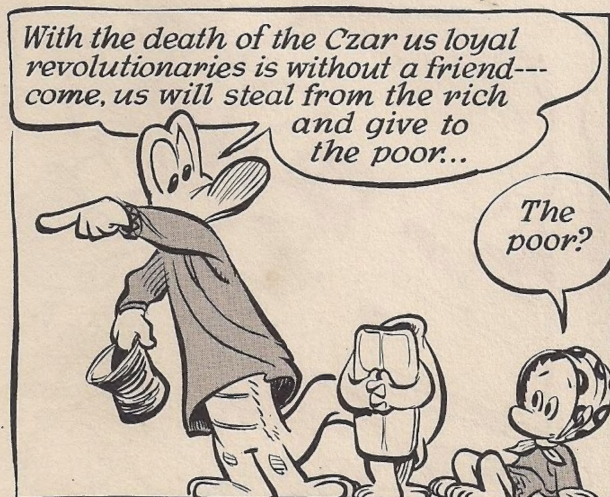
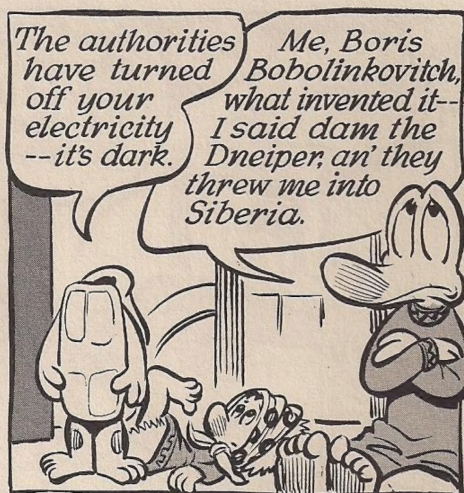
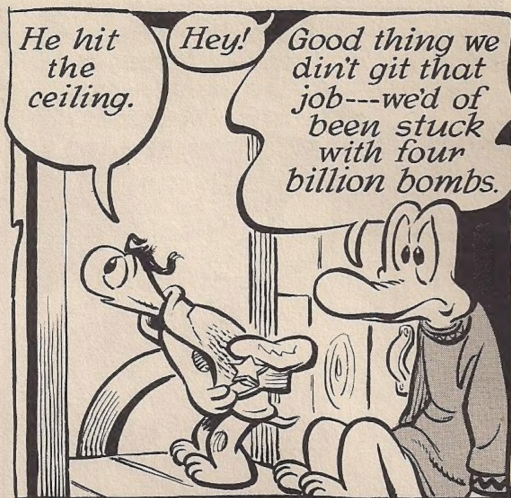




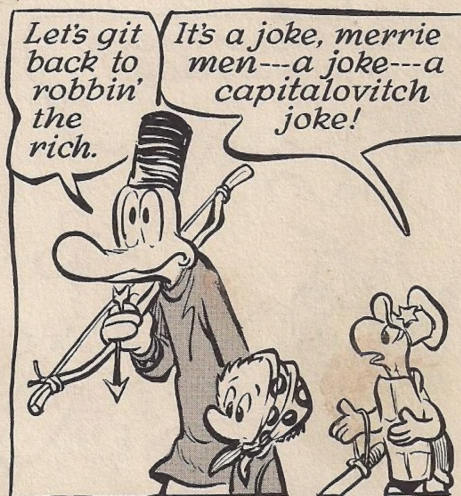
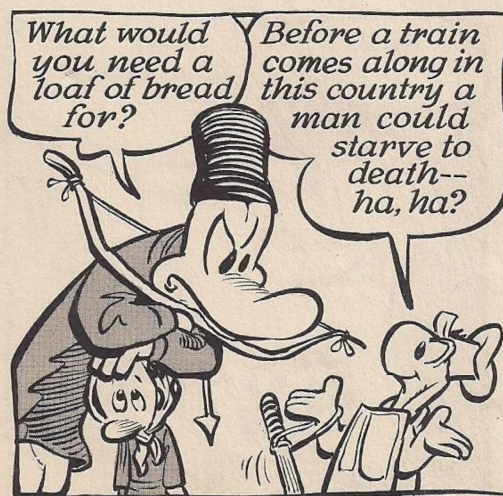
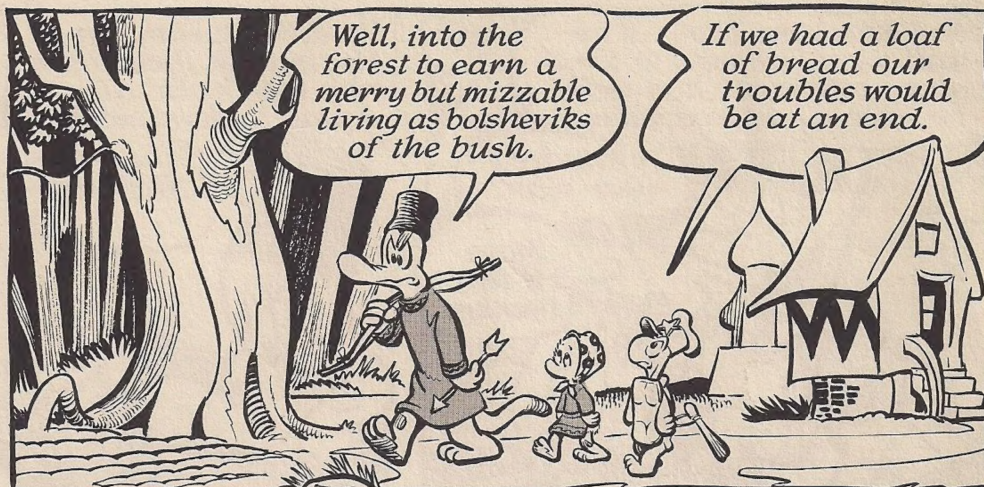




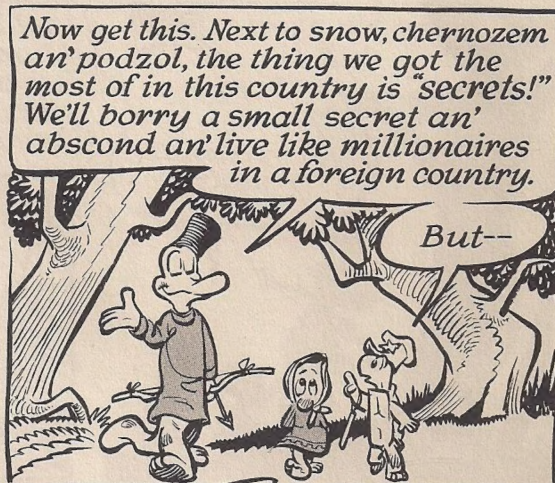
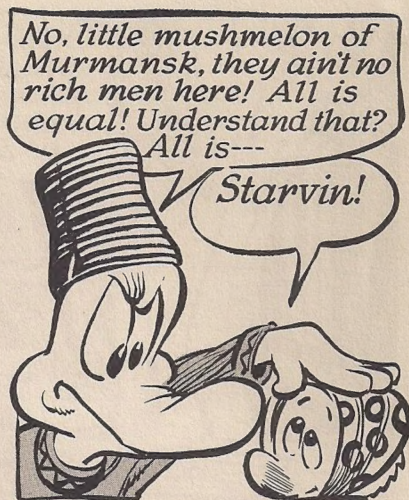




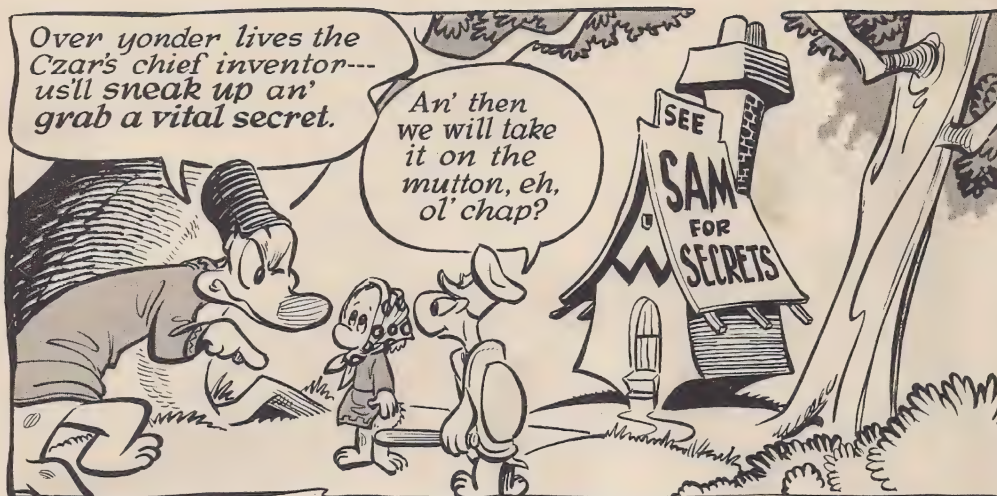




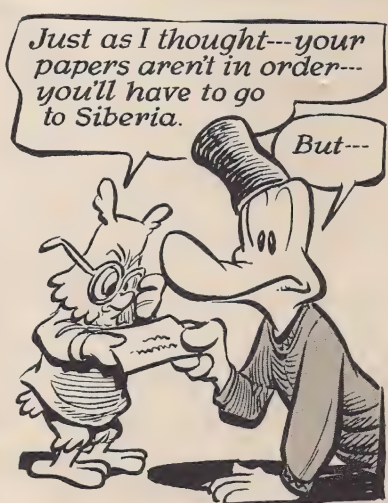
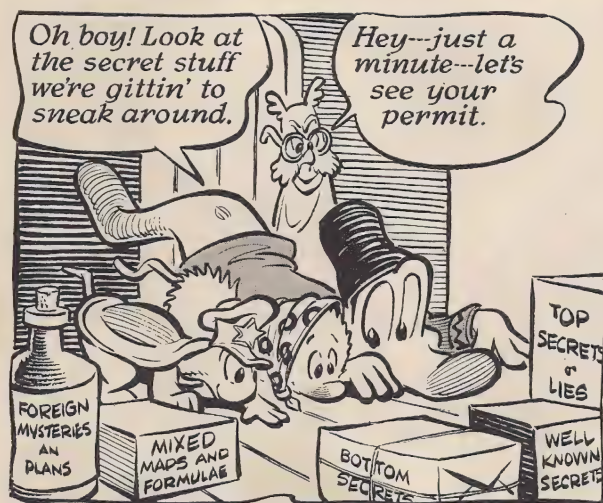
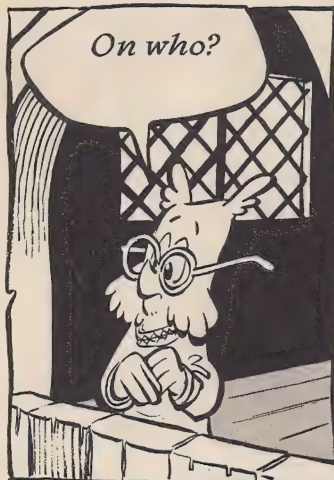














*This permit is a tissue of lies, a fraud, a jackal of the upper classes sniveling on the heels of the proletariat.*

*But you made it out yourself!*



*I am a false-hearted crawling vermin fit only for cat food---I have betrayed the revolution.*



*What in the ever-lovin' shift-y eyed world did you do?*

*On your permit I spelled "sneak" wrong.*

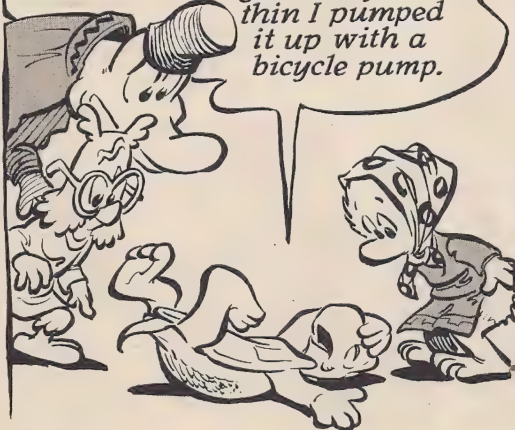


*I want to confess too---I want to bare my true soul. Hear what a foul fiend I been!*

*Oh! Me too!*



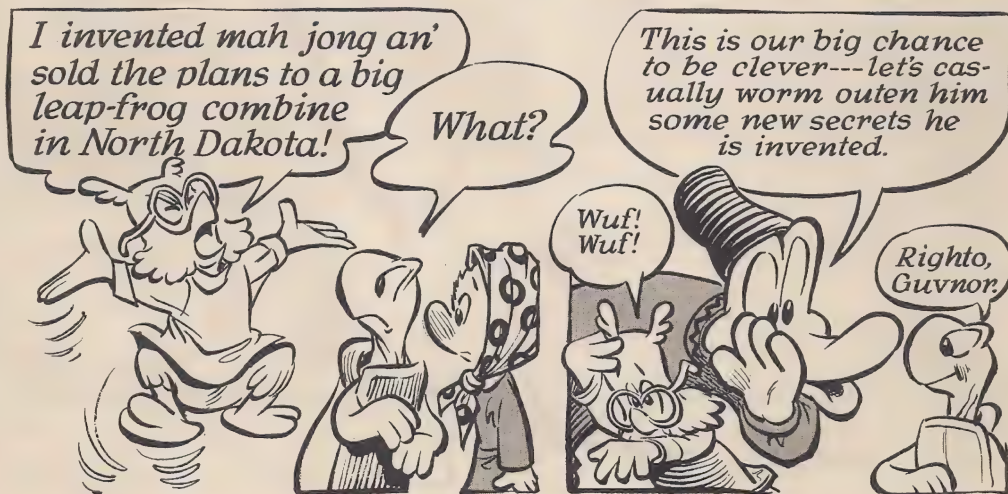
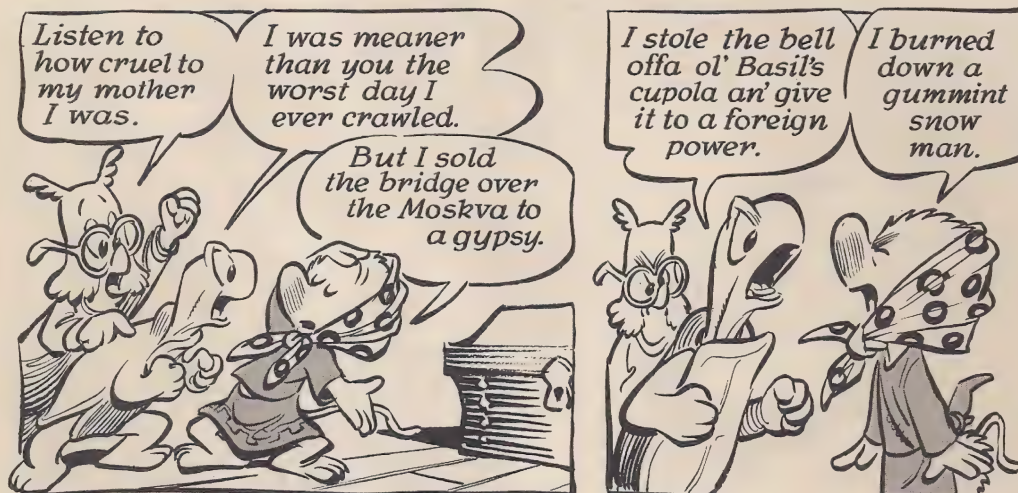
*Once when we was out of fish-food the Czar's goldfish got so thin I pumped it up with a bicycle pump.*



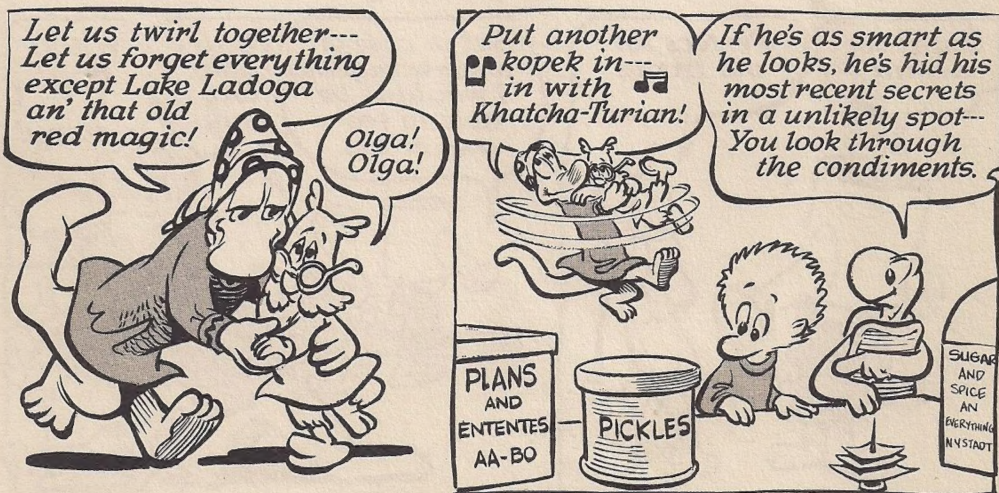
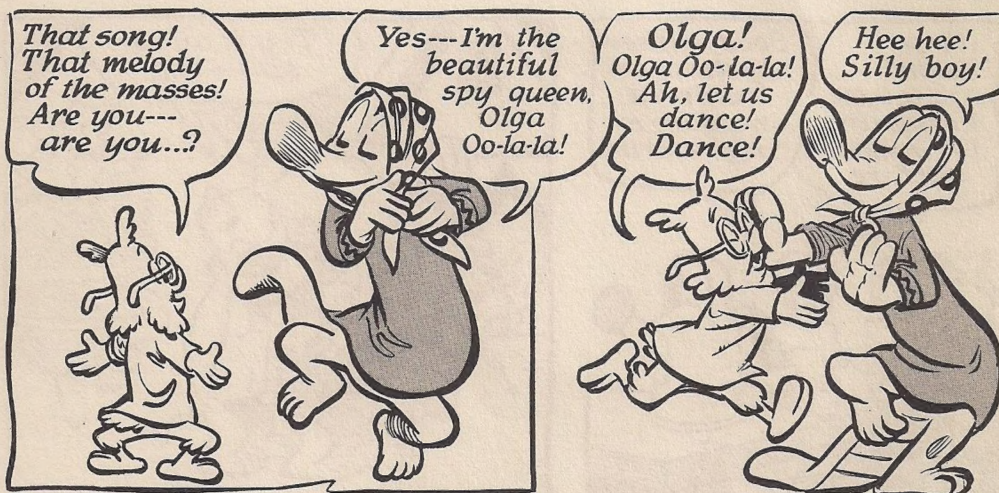
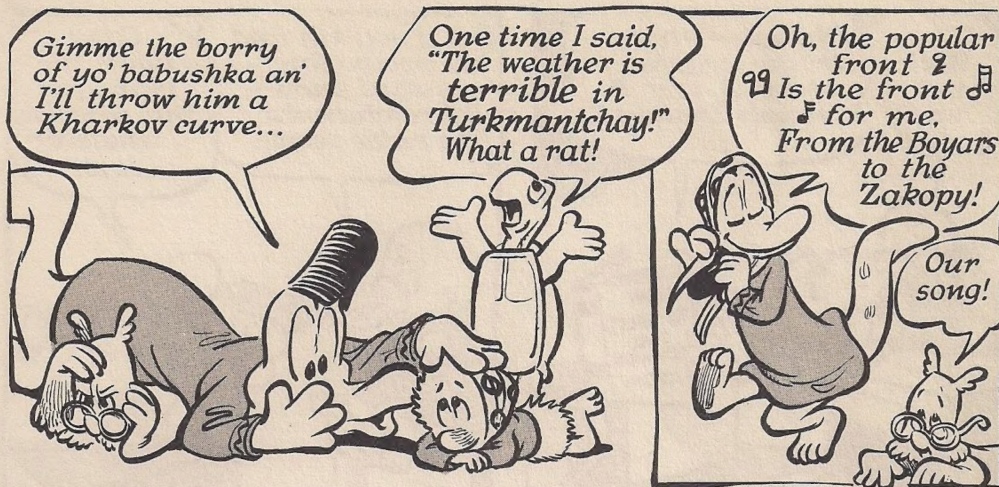
*I wanted to make it look fat for a party we was havin'--- but jus' at the crucial miment the poor fish exploded.*



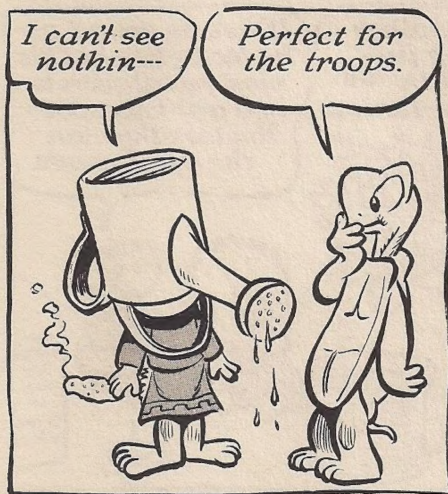
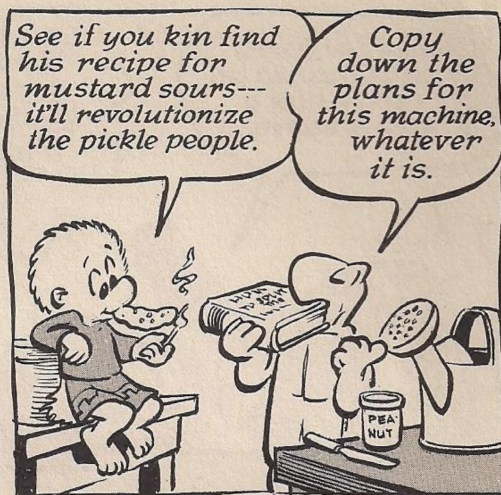
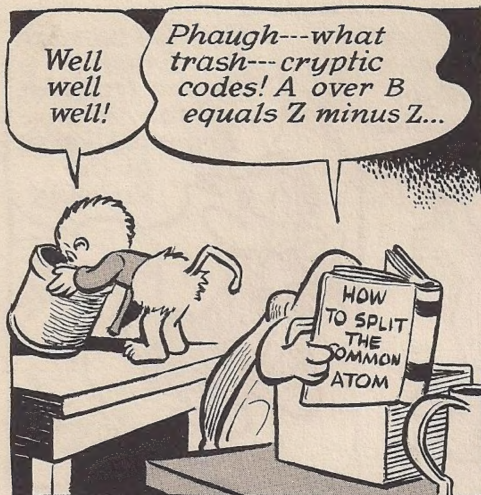






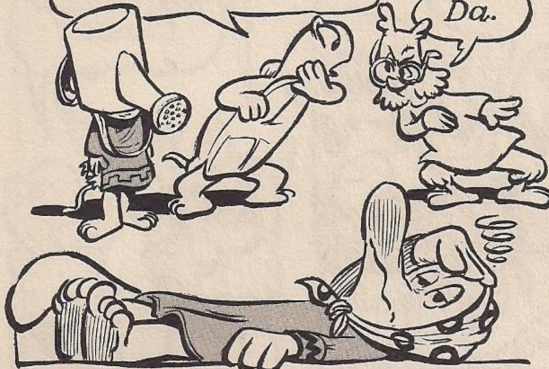




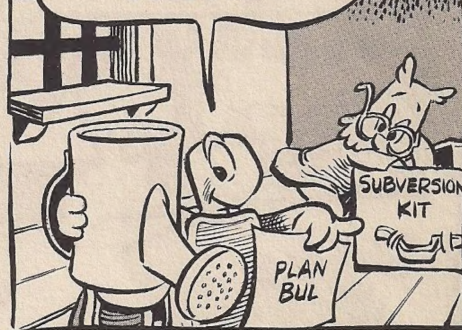




Hsst, secret operative 29!  
Psst! Now's our chance to  
slip 'em the plans what'll  
overthrow the West.



Look, li'l rose of the  
Rurals---secret plans---  
a new invention---  
a new game---  
beisbul!



You can hop a hot sleigh  
we got waitin' an' slip  
across the border...

Great!

Sell the  
secret to  
the U.S.  
and A.

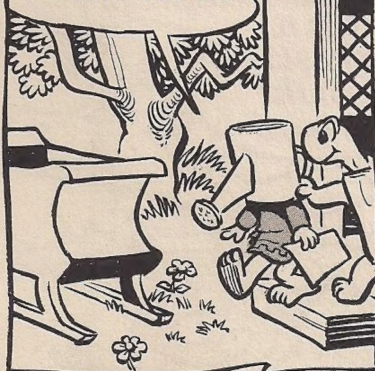


We like you---take our advice.  
Assume names---for instance,  
one of you be "Abner."

The  
other  
"Double-  
day."



Form two leagues,  
one the Amerikanski,  
the other the  
Natsionalni.



There's  
millions  
in it!

How can we ever  
thank you?

Don't  
try.

